

# Found The Handkerchief

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

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The August day was enough to make Casper hot and cross. He was all that and more. He was lonely, and the man at the desk was grouchy. Casper wished he had remained on the farm, and married his first sweetheart like the other boys he had been brought up with. College was all right, but journalism, as seen from the reporter's viewpoint, was beginning to be too much for him. So many things hurt his heart and his sense of right and justice.

"Go out and dig up some news, Casper," called Jones from the desk. "This weather is hot enough to make anybody commit murder, and we want to be nosing around the spot when it happens. You're the nose for news. But don't get soft and let some girl's pretty eyes beg you off from playing her up in a story."

Casper started out. It was Saturday afternoon, and most of the stores were closed, and most of the offices.

"Only newspapers keep up the grind Saturday afternoons," he said to himself. "I feel like drowning myself in the lake. The news would have a story then—only I'd have to rescue a girl from a watery grave and all the rest. Wish I knew any nice girl well enough to want to rescue her. Wish I could see a girl from home—wish I knew where Ruth is." Going down the street he met a little mouse of a girl that made him think of her.

Entering the first drug store he called for root beer and asked the clerk what was "doing." His thoughts were on the girl he had lost track of. Suddenly she had stopped her simple little letters while he was at college, and on his graduation he came home and found that she had left town. The old aunt she had lived with had died, and the girl had taken the few hundred dollars that had been left her and had gone to the city. No one knew where she was going nor what she was going to do. She had been always a stranger, silent, wide-eyed little thing, and she had come an orphan into the town. She never seemed to fit there, nor to make friends except with Jerry Casper. He had written school love notes to her, and taken her to ice cream socials, and walking Sunday afternoons. Once he took her to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the opera house over Swilkins' grocery and hardware emporium, but she cried over little Eva so that he had to take her home before it was finished.

The boy, for he was hardly 24, remembered how her gray, soft eyes would widen if anyone was unhappy. And she was so little and good. He wished he could find her, and wondered whether she was married. She was not the girl to take care of herself. Then he turned down a street where there was less noise, a street where there were many offices of physicians, and obscure lawyers, the less prosperous business men. Where should he look for a story?

He bethought himself of Dr. Falkner. Falkner was a quack. He had an conscience. He dealt with the number of the city. Once he had given Casper a story. Casper hated Falkner, but he slowly walked towards his place.

The boy stumbled a little, and in saving himself from a fall, looked upward just in time to see a handkerchief fall and flutter from a third story window to his feet. He picked it up. It was small and clean, but twisted. It had an R in the corner. He laughed a little. Then a love of romance, a desire for a story, made him suddenly turn into the stairway. He would see who dropped that handkerchief. Of course it had fallen out by mistake. But perhaps it would be his luck to find a story behind it or connected with it.

There was no elevator, and the hall was unspeakably hot and dark. Whoever owned the little twisted rag had a bad place to stay in, too, second rate people all through the building. The second flight made him pant a little, but he found the upper hall cleaner and a little more respectable.

He entered several offices before he found the window he wanted over looking the street—then he came to an open door, and went into an office, but he saw no one. The inner door was closed, but he heard a cry within, and hoped the doctor was not hurting a child more than he could help—it was a little child, and he caught the words clearly, but in a girl's voice.

"Go away or I shall surely call some one! You shall not!"

Without an instant's pause, Casper strode to the door, jerked it open and entered. A gross-looking tall young man, carefully dressed, was holding the arm of a slender girl, who was pulling away from him, her back towards Casper. Casper waited a moment. The girl's hair was soft and dark and knotted plainly at the back of her small head. She wore a blue gingham dress, and looked very neat.

"Can I help you?" His clear voice made the girl turn her head, and the man let her go. Casper, for one dazed minute, forgot the fellow, because Ruth's gray eyes looked fearfully up to him. It was Ruth, though for the moment he could not believe his eyes.

"Ruth Cady! What are you doing here?" His voice was stern, but she came to him readily, holding on to his arm with both hands. He pulled away from her, and went towards the man.

"What do you mean?" and his voice was terrible. Then he remembered the girl, and the newspapers, panting for a story, and that walls have ears. He would get her away first. Then he would get the man and settle with him. There must be no fight now. He took him by the back of the neck and shoved him out of the inner office.

"Get out of here, or I'll have the police in two minutes! I know what you're here for, and I don't care." He emphasized his words by another shove and the man, blustering a little, went away.

"The doctor is on his vacation, and I had to keep the office," said Ruth. "That man came in about a bill—and—bear it here, but I can't leave till the doctor comes back."

For a moment the young fellow, his heart in his throat, found no word to say. He was holding the girl's little wrist, trembling hand.

"Ruth," he said, "I can't wait here for you to tell me what on earth got you into a place like this. I've been hunting everywhere for you. Is this yours?" It dropped out of the window, and I came up here. I found you by the merest chance; it makes me shudder to think I might have gone by. Have you forgotten me? Do you still—care about me as you did in high school? Do you?"

She had pulled away from him, and was again twisting the handkerchief with the little shy motion she had used in school when he talked with her. She never said much. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"You were in college, and I felt ignorant—I didn't know anything. I wanted to learn to be something by myself. I spent all my money in business college—all but about three dollars, and this was the only place I could get in summer. You know you can't get work in the summer if you are not experienced."

"When are you—Ruth, are you going to marry me?"

She shook her head stubbornly, looking at him in the old child way.

"You are just—sorry—for—me—and I want you to—"

"I'm sorry for myself—I'm fairly dying of loneliness—of wanting somebody to love and—wanting you to love! You surely don't know anything if you don't know that, silly girl!"

"Well—if you—feel like that about it," she said slowly.

He stooped and kissed her once very gently. Then he walked over to a nail and took down her hat.

"Put it on," he said. "You don't stay here another minute. Phone to somebody—the doctor's people, anyone, to look after his respectable old hole." He waited for her to obey. Then as she finished and was with him in the hall, something of her old self appeared, and it made Jerry Casper laugh with gladness.

"The—obeying seems to be coming—first," she said.

Rare Good Luck.

A rare stroke of luck has befallen an Armenian who visited Paris lately. The pleasure-loving visitor celebrated the event to such an extent that one evening he found his pockets completely empty. All his money had been spent, but he was hungry, and the only way was to go to a restaurant where he had had many a good meal before. He ate a fine dinner, but when it came to pay he acknowledged to the restaurateur his complete lack of money. He offered, however, to sell a book, the only thing that remained in his possession, to secure the price of the meal. The restaurateur showed the volume to an expert. It was a handsomely illuminated and rare old work. The expert declared that it was worth \$10,000. He made an offer then and there to purchase it at that price, to the great joy of the Armenian, and paid the cost of the dinner at once.

Philosophical Youngster.

The two little girls—six years old or so—were playing housekeeping all along the garden wall. On some principle that no grownup could realize one section of it was the kitchen, another the dining room, another the sitting room, and so on. One small maid was the mistress of the house and the other was the servant girl. Then the big man came strolling along with a book in his hand and, all unconscious, perched himself on the softest stone in the middle of that wall.

"Oh, look how he comes and spoils our play," wailed one of the twins.

"No, indeed," replied Audrey, with a happy inspiration. "He's my husband and he's reading in his den, and he's not to be disturbed, so we needn't notice him."

And so the game went on.

Wholly Innocent.

The story is told by a traveling man of a pretty young woman who stepped into a music store in Springfield, Mo., the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music and, to the sweetest tones, asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?" The clerk turned half way around and answered: "It must have been the man at the other counter; I've been here only a week."

Buffalo Commercial.

## GINGER IS HEALTHFUL

CHILDREN WILL LIKE IT IN THE FORM OF CRISP CHIPS.

Recipe for Preparing These Dainties That Are Easily Made—Caramel Custard With Banana Flavor—Is Delicious.

To speak of hot dishes for summer has an incongruous sound. Yet there is a class of "hot" viands which are specially adapted to the torrid days of our climate, and which combat daintiness and other warm weather ills.

These are the spicy diet items so largely employed in the tropics as correctives and stomach-stimulants.

Ginger in any form is such a diet item and should be generously dealt out in the family menu.

A ginger dessert from time to time is worth thinking about at this season. Crisp Chips—The children of the family would probably pronounce for ginger in the form of chips. These dainties are not hard to prepare.

Half a pound of butter is rubbed in a half a pound of flour, and into this is mixed half a pound of brown sugar in which there are no lumps. Add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves and cinnamon and a tablespoonful of ground ginger. Now stir in a pint of the best molasses and the grated rind of a lemon. Add a little of the lemon juice for flavor and half a teaspoonful of soda. (Dissolve this in a little warm water.) Stir hard. Mix in just enough flour to make a very stiff paste. Roll it out very thin and cut into narrow strips about an inch wide and three or four inches long. They require a moderate oven and about ten minutes' baking.

A new dessert of the genus pudding is caramel custard with banana flavoring.

Make the caramel in the usual way by cooking half a cup of sugar with an eighth of a cup of water till quite brown. Line a dish with this, and prepare the custard as follows: The Custard—Two cups of milk scalded, three yolks beaten light with a quarter cup of sugar. Add half a teaspoonful of butter. A double boiler is best, and after adding the butter beat the mixture thoroughly. Now add two bananas peeled and cut in slices as thin as possible. Pour this into the caramel-lined dish and bake half an hour or until the custard becomes firm, without going beyond this danger point.

And, apropos of puddings, vary the heavy sauce sometimes with whipped cream sauce. To a half pint of very cold sweet cream add half a cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of any extract preferred as flavoring. Whip to a froth and stir in last of all the lightly-beaten white of one egg. Use very cold.

BAKED MEAT LOAF IS GOOD

How to Prepare This Dish and the Sauce That Should Go With It.

Two cups of chopped meat, two level tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of stock or water, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Put the above ingredients on stove to heat. When hot take from stove and add yolks of three eggs beaten light, then fold in whites beaten stiff. Put in pan and set pan in hot water and bake 15 minutes.

Sauce—Put in double boiler two level tablespoonfuls of butter. When melted add two level tablespoonfuls of flour and blend thoroughly; one-half cup of stock or water, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoon of salt, and a little pepper, yolks of two eggs beaten light. Turn loaf out on platter and pour sauce over it. Garnish with parsley and slices of hard boiled eggs.

To Make Starch.

When making starch have a kettle of boiling water. In a clean enameled saucepan stir until smooth half a cupful of starch and one cupful of cold water. Then gradually add boiling water, stirring all the time. Boil the starch for ten minutes, stirring constantly.

Now add a little white wax or a piece of sperm candle. If wax or candle is not available use a teaspoonful of butter or lard. Cover the saucepan and let the starch simmer 20 minutes longer. Add a few drops of bluing.

The amount of boiling water added to the starch and cold water will depend upon how stiff the articles are to be made. For shirt bosoms, cuffs and collars add one quart of boiling water. For dresses, underskirts, etc., use two quarts of boiling water.

Baked Bread Pudding.

Take enough dry bread to make about two good sized cupfuls after it has been soaked and squeezed out dry (or more for a large family). Add a small cup of sugar (brown is preferable), half a teaspoon of cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon, two eggs, a cup of raisins or currants, and lastly, after this has been beaten up together, a heaping teaspoon of baking powder. Serve with hard sauce. Cook in double boiler two hours.

Spanish Pepper Salad.

When there are string beans left from the dinner they may be used for a salad with the sweet Spanish red peppers. If the beans are scanty in amount, add a green pepper or two.

## ARE AS DAINTY AS FAIRIES

Full Directions For Making Puffs That Will Be Found Delicious for Dessert.

An unusual dessert consists of puffs which, when carefully made, are of fairy-like daintiness.

The way to have them quickly and at best is this: Into a saucepan put a cup of water, a half teaspoonful of salt, and half a cup of butter, allowing these ingredients to melt and come to a boil.

Then add, not little by little, but all at once, a cup of flour. Stir and cook until the mixture stands away from the side of the pan.

Turn into a bowl and allow it to stand until the butter is slightly cooled. Now add, unbeaten, four eggs, one at a time, beating each egg thoroughly in before adding the next. Cover and let stand two hours.

Bake on a baking sheet, having formed the batter into small round cakes. Leave one inch of space between them and bake in a brisk oven, with heat from the bottom, for 15 minutes.

Reduce the flame and cook very slowly until the cakes become dry and crisp. Fill them with the cream, given below, making incision with a very sharp knife in each, and decorate with whipped cream sprinkled with grated maple sugar.

Filling—A cup of cream and a cup of milk placed together in a double boiler. When boiling point is reached add a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of flour rubbed together. Cook until the liquid begins to thicken. Stir and cook three minutes; then take from the fire and cool.

## "FALLEN CAKE" OF ENGLAND

Recipe for a Pastry That Takes Long to Cook, but Is Worth While.

To make what the English call fallen cake, cream a quarter of a pound of butter and beat into it half a pound of moist sugar. Beat five eggs until quite stiff with an egg whisk, and mix with the butter and sugar. Add, with a flour dredger, a little at a time, half a pound of flour and any flavoring liked. Beat for twenty minutes. Mix a cupful each of chopped and stoned raisins and well-washed currants and half a cupful of chopped candied peel and blanched almonds. Have ready a square cake tin lined with three thicknesses of buttered paper, and pour in an inch-deep layer of the sponge mixture.

Sprinkle a layer of fruit and then add a thin layer of the sponge. Strew in the rest of the fruit, and pour evenly over all the remainder of the sponge mixture. Bake in a moderate oven and do not open the door for half an hour or more, or the cake will fall. Cook for three-quarters of an hour, or till done.

If the cake is very deep an hour will not be at all too long. When it is taken from the oven ice thinly with a boiled icing and strew very thickly with chopped almonds and walnuts. When cut, the bottom of the cake should show a mass of fruit, while the top is a plain sponge. If preferred, the bottom may be any rich fruit cake, but it is nicer made according to the above recipe.

For China.

"China day" is an important occasion in a household. A wooden tub should be lined with a soft cloth, pearl ash dissolved in warm water, and the best antique cups and saucers, vases and plates washed carefully in it. A pastry brush always should be kept with which to work out dust which has collected in the crevices of china figures, while, after draining the china on a wooden board, it is dried with a soft cloth and then polished with a silk handkerchief.

Putting to clean antique glass and wet hating for pewter are two other secrets of a successful cleaning day.

For the insides of decanters and bottles nothing is better than to soap small pieces of blotting paper and fill the bottle with them, adding water to reach half way up, and then shaking energetically until the contents froth.

Principles of Baking.

The principles of baking without an oven are the same, whatever article is selected. Care must always be used to keep the baking article well covered to prevent burning. It is best to begin with the simplest things, such as potatoes with the jackets on, and then graduate into the more complex, like pies and puddings. There is no mystery whatever connected with the process and no involved details to be followed. Two things only are to be particularly remembered: Do not turn the gas too hot, and wherever possible, especially with pastries, use a heavy iron skillet in addition to the hot plate, as this retains the heat with little danger of burning.

Little Lobster Salads.

Rub the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, season with salt, pepper and cayenne, and add by degrees four tablespoonfuls of salad oil. When a smooth paste is formed pour in a teaspoonful of vinegar, a gill of cool liquid aspic jelly and a gill of double cream. Have ready some of the best portions of a lobster, coarsely chopped, add to the mixture, and fill some small china cases which have been lined with aspic jelly; pour in a little cool aspic over the filling, and put the molds in a cool place or on ice till required. Turn them out and garnish with a little finely shredded lettuce and cucumber.

## POULTRY

EXCELLENT RATION FOR EGGS

Prof. Chambers Ascribes His Success to Intelligent Feeding, Good Care and Trap Nesting.

At a poultry institute, held by the Colorado agricultural college last summer, Prof. W. G. Chambers exhibited a Rhode Island Red hen that has laid 266 eggs in one year.

Prof. Chambers keeps from forty to fifty hens on a town lot and has to buy all his feed. He keeps an accurate account of all expenses, and last year for feed, house killer, straw and all incidentals, the cost was one dollar per hen. He uses trap nests and keeps no hen that lays less than 120 eggs in twelve months. The average for his entire flock is a little over twelve dozen eggs a hen per annum.

The average price in the open market for the year for eggs has been 21 cents a dozen. This makes at market price an income of three dollars a hen for the year—two dollars a hen more than the cost of feed where all feed has to be purchased.

Prof. Chambers has made more than this amount because he has sold some of his eggs for hatching. He ascribes his success to intelligent feeding, good care and trap-nesting. His hens are given dry feed entirely. He gives a light feed of whole wheat and corn three times a day, scattering the grain in the litter.

He keeps before his hens all the time in self-feeding hoppers a dry mash made of the following mixture:

	Pounds.
Barley	200
Alfalfa meal	200
Corn meal	100
Shorts	100
Linseed meal	100
Meat, bone and blood	100

With this is mixed a little salt and cayenne pepper.

## SOME TROUBLES WITH DUCKS

Usually Caused by Ignorance and Because Nature of the Bird Is Not Fully Understood.

When there is trouble in raising ducks it is usually because the nature of the duck is not understood. Ducks should not be allowed water to swim in until matured and then the market ducks do not need it, although it is an aid to fertility, vigor and condition. It is quite possible to make



Flock of White Pekins.

money by raising and selling ducks without water.

Do not try to raise chicks and ducklings together; the ducklings will soil the water till the chicks cannot and should not drink it, and will gobble up all the food. The duck should be fed soft food and not too much grain. It has no crop, the food passing directly into the gizzard, hence the importance of having water at hand when the ducks eat. Make sure that they have an abundance of green food and sand. When ducks are kept dry, bodied in a clean place, given plenty of water and the right kind of food, they grow like weeds, and rarely suffer from disease or lice, though lice will occasionally infest them.

## POULTRY NOTES

Keep the chicks free from lice. They cannot grow well and fight lice at the same time.

Old geese lay a greater number and larger eggs and are more reliable than young geese.

Young geese do not lay as many fertile eggs or produce as many goslings in the first breeding season as they do in the second.

Fresh air and sunshine are the best disinfectants that the poultry raiser has at his disposal, and ought to be more often used in his work.

The Indian Runner ducks are not very good sitters, although they are often inclined to incubate. Their eggs are generally put into incubators or under hens for hatching.

There is no doubt that if the guinea hen is properly cared for at all times that it will prove almost as profitable as any of the ordinary breeds of chickens.

Ducks are not very useful after the fourth or fifth year for breeding purposes.

Hens bred for laying, properly cared for and properly fed ought to produce 125 to as high as 200 eggs per year per hen.

The ducklings should have a great deal of shade. Extreme hot weather will kill them.

When chicks become very much crowded they are liable to sweat in the brooder at night and take cold, become chilled, and this causes trouble.

## DEATH BEFORE 100 YEARS IS SUICIDE

Prof. Munyon Says Ignorance of Laws of Health Explains Early End of Life.

NOTED SCIENTIST HAS ENCOURAGING WORD FOR DESPONDENT MEN AND WOMEN

"Death before 100 years of age has been reached in nothing more or less than slow suicide. A man (or woman) who dies at an earlier age is simply ignorant of the laws of health."

Such was the original and rather startling statement made by Professor James M. Munyon, the famous Philadelphia health authority, who is establishing health headquarters in all the large cities of the world for the purpose of getting in direct touch with his thousands of converts.

Professor Munyon is a living embodiment of the cheerful creed of pragmatism. Vigor, well poised, active and energetic, he looks as though he would easily attain the century age limit which he declares is the normal one. He said:

"I want the people of the world to know my opinions on the subject of health, which are the fruit of a life-time devoted to being the sick, people of America. There isn't a building in this city big enough to house the people in this state alone who have found health through my methods. Before I get through there won't be a building big enough to house my cured patients in this city alone."

"I want most of all to talk to the sick people—the invalids, the discouraged, the victims of nervous troubles, the victims of nerve-weakening body-racking diseases and ailments—for these are the ones to whom the message of hope which I bear will bring the greatest blessing."

"I want to talk to the rheumatics, the sufferers from stomach trouble, the ones afflicted with that noxious disease, catarrh. I want to tell my story to the women who have become chronic invalids as a result of nervous troubles. I want to talk to the men who are 'all run down,' whose health has been broken by overwork, improper diet, late hours and other causes, and who feel the creeping clutch of serious chronic disease."

"To these people I bring a story of hope. I can give them a promise of better things. I want to establish them by showing the record of cures performed through my new system of treatment. I have taken the best of the ideas from all schools and combined them in a new system of treatments individually adapted to each particular case. I have no 'cure alls,' but my present method of attacking disease is the very best thought of modern science. The success which I have had with these thousands in this city and all over America proves its efficacy. Old methods must give way to new medical science powered by my remedies are doing for humanity everywhere. I know what they will do for the people of this city. Let me prove my statements—that's all I ask."

The continuous stream of callers and mail that comes to Professor James M. Munyon at his laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa., keeps Dr. Munyon and his enormous corps of expert physicians busy.

Professor Munyon makes no charge for consultation or medical advice, not a penny to pay. Address Prof. J. M. Munyon, Munyon's Laboratories, Fifty-third and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Social Distinction.

In some parts of the south the darkies are still addicted to the old-style country dance in a big hall, with the fiddlers, banjoists and other musicians on the platform at one end.

At one such dance held not long ago in an Alabama town, when the fiddlers had duly reined their bows and taken their places on the platform the floor manager rose.

"Gilt you partners to 'de cax' dance!" he yelled. "All you ladies an' gentlemen dat wears shoes an' stockin's, take you' places in 'de middle of de room. All you ladies an' gentlemen dat wears shoes an' no stockin's, take you' place immediately behin' dem. An' yo' barefooted crowd, you jes' jig it round in de corner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Senate of Lawyers.

In the senate of the United States there are 61 lawyers, five bankers, eight business men, four farmers, three journalists, two mine operators, two manufacturers, one author, one doctor and four members whose callings are not given. Of the four farmers, two are from the same state, South Carolina. They are Tillman and Smith. The lawyers clearly outnumber all others.

Loyalty.

"So lightning struck Speeder's automobile?"

"Well, Speeder claims it was his automobile that struck the lightning."—Puck.

## Try For Breakfast—

Scramble two eggs. When nearly cooked, mix in about a half a cup of

## Post Toasties

and serve at once—seasoning to taste.

It's immense!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.